

## CHARIVARIA.

It is said that the Government contemplates presenting Mr. REDMOND with a medal for life-saving.

An alleged burglar who broke into a clothing establishment at Tamworth changed his old suit for a new one, but neglected to take from his discarded coat an Insurance Act emergency card which bore his name and address. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is said to be delighted that proof should already be forthcoming of the usefulness of his experiment.

In connection with a recent incident in the House, it is being asked whether the so-called punishment of suspension for defying the SPEAKER might not be improved upon. For ourselves, instead of temporarily disfranchising a constituency, we should be inclined to give the Treasury power to hold back a portion of the naughty boy's pocket-money.

The programme at the Coliseum during the cold snap was such an excellent one that we trust that the advertised description of the house as "The Coolest Theatre in London" kept no one away.

Among the announcements of attractions at the White City we find the following item:—"Twelve Concerts by Costumed Natives." While we are relieved to hear that the performers are costumed, the word "Natives" seems to us to be lacking in descriptive power. It can even be applied to people born in England.

"A cinematograph target, in which the marksman aims at living pictures, is being tested on Salisbury Plain." We are glad to hear this. There are a great many cinema productions which we should like to see shot.

Journalism sometimes approaches very near to literature. Occasionally it comes too close. For example, the other day a dainty sketch by Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP in *The Daily Mail*, describing a courtship, wound up with the sentence:—"Sir Henry kissed Lady Elizabeth." Immediately follow-

ing this came the statement:—"Announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths appear at the foot of the first column on this page every day."

It is perhaps excusable if the persons represented in the miniatures which were surreptitiously removed from the Royal Academy are a little piqued at their return.

Meanwhile the authorities at Burlington House hope that this borrowing of pictures from their exhibition will not spread, and another year they may find it necessary to make a charge in such cases.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has expressed himself as being in sympathy with the proposal to tax advertisement boards

The microbe which is responsible for tooth-ache has been discovered by M. HOLBEK HANSEN, a Christiania dentist. An angry crowd, consisting mainly of persons with swollen faces, is said to have surrounded the dentist's house as soon as the news became known, and but for the efforts of the police the bacillus would have been dragged out and lynched.

At the Market Bosworth Petty Sessions last week a man and his wife were fined five shillings each and costs for cruelty to a cat and a canary which they had left without food and water while they were away. As a result of this vindication of their rights, canary birds all over the country are said to be showing a certain amount of truculence, and there have been brought to our notice two well-authenticated instances of birds refusing to desist from singing when told to.

The Ancient Order of Foresters, at its high court held last week at Leicester, decided by a large majority that London shall in future be the permanent centre of the Society. Might we suggest the forest of Aldwych as offering a peculiarly appropriate site for the new headquarters?

The Berlin correspondent of *The Express* informs its readers that an unusual elopement has taken place in that city, a bridegroom running off with the daughter of his betrothed on the morning that had been fixed for his wedding with the mother. We withhold judgment until we have seen portraits of the ladies; but meanwhile we are prejudiced in favour of the gentleman.

From a poster advertisement of the Birkenhead Hippodrome:—

FOR  
"TOMORROW'S DAWN"  
BOOK YOUR SEATS.

Personally we shall take it lying down.

## A Generous Recognition.

"Southall-Norwood District Council proposes to place portraits of the Earl and Countess of Jersey on the walls of the council chamber, in recognition of the great interest they have always taken in the welfare of the district. Lord and Lady Jersey are to be asked to provide the portraits."—*Standard*.



"ONE HALF THE WORLD DOES NOT KNOW HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES."

by the sides of railways. The CHANCELLOR is of course well known to be hostile to hoardings of any kind.

Now that Banbury has allowed the famous Globe Room in the Reindeer Inn to be sold, the chief antiquities left to that town are certain Banbury cakes.

Marlborough Street Police Court is to be demolished, and replaced by a more commodious building. We have long been of the opinion that the present structure is not quite worthy of the high class of prisoner which patronises this court.

A letter from the Home Office to local authorities suggesting that unclean prisoners should be cleansed states that "there is no statutory power of compulsion where the prisoner refuses." But surely Wormwood Scrubs?

## TO THE PREMIER

on reading in a Ministerial Journal the alleged programme of his Autumn Manœuvres.

["The Prime Minister will spend the next few weeks in a round of visits . . . Early in October Mr. Asquith will go north, spending a week at Dallas, Elgin, and a week at Balmoral. . . . At the end of this period . . . Mr. Asquith will make Venice his headquarters for a few weeks of motoring and sight-seeing."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

"The House of Commons will resume on October 7."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

When the wild partridge, hustled from the turnips,  
Comes swooping down the equinoctial gales;  
When Autumn's matin chill the coney's fur nips  
And Summer's final charm (if any) fails;

In that lone hour of widowhood and worry,  
When first your stricken party lacks the aid  
Of him its Master (now the Baron MURRAY),  
Newest of converts to the ranks of Trade;—

I should have thought, at such a solemn juncture,  
You would be there, your own heart wounded sore,  
Doing your best to salve the general puncture  
And hush the dirge of "*Elibank no more!*"

It should have been, I guessed, your bounden duty  
To raise their drooping peckers, come out strong,  
And loudly reassert the deathless beauty  
Of all those various Bills deferred so long.

But no. If I may trust my *Daily Chronicle*,  
'Tis then, when most they mourn their truant Whip,  
Your kilted frame, in search of Nature's tonic, 'll  
Traverse the Border on a Highland trip.

Healed by a fortnight's rolling in the heather,  
You 'll whizz through London on your southward way,  
Not pausing once to make enquiry whether  
Your sheep, unshepherded, have gone astray.

Deaf to the voice of by-election voters,  
You will embrace the Adriatic's bride  
(Venice, that happy hunting-ground of motors  
At which no local horse has ever shied).

Strident amid her strait and tortuous calli  
I hear your hooter's devastating tune,  
I see you in your goggles as you sally  
To Lido o'er the nicely-tarred lagoon.

A few brief weeks in this fine motoring centre,  
And home again your punctual feet will press,  
Cheered by a generous House as you re-enter  
In time to catch the Christmastide recess.

O. S.

## THE RESORT.

"We must go for a holiday," said I.

"But must get neither lost among, nor identified with, the holiday-making masses," said George.

"Let us wait till the last loaded four-wheeler has disappeared."

"And then get into a taxi. Nothing else remains to be considered except our destination."

"And that will be decided by the gentleman at the Enquiry Office of that particular terminus to which our taxi elects to take us."

So we waited till the rush was over and made our dignified and leisurely exit later. At the London and Great Western we found an Enquiry Officer not so exhausted by previous enquirers but what he was ready and willing to give his undivided attention to our case, and place his vast knowledge at our disposal.

"Chief among the graver problems of the day," said we to this Knowledgeable One, "is the question: where shall we make our holiday?"

"You want to know where to stay," he began.

"Exactly."

"In the West Country?"

"On to it in once!" said we, and he handed us a book, marked sixpence, but presented gratis, and entitled, *Where to Stay in the West Country*.

We sat upon a bench, the admired of all beholders. "*Barnstaple*," I read aloud, beginning at the beginning, "*attracts many patients suffering from pulmonary disorders*."

"Next, please," said George.

"*Bideford (North Devon). Population 9,500. Early Closing Day, Wednesday. Rates 8/4 (likely to be reduced). Subsoil, loam and shale. Town Clerk, W. B. Sheldon.*"

"We might spend our mornings," said George, "counting the population and our afternoons watching the rates being reduced. Then, what with the loam and shale and the Town Clerk, we should not want for evening amusement and instruction of the quieter sort."

I went on a bit. "*On the morning of June 11th, 1685, the 'Helderenberg,' accompanied by two smaller vessels, appeared at the little port of Lyme.*"

"Indeed," said George; "but I am afraid we are too late for that."

"The death rate at Seaton is stated to be 15.7. . . ."

George is very hard to please. "Quickish," he admitted, "but if it must be, let it, say I, be sudden."

"... and the gas 5s. per 1,000 feet, but 4s. 7d. for heating. A thousand feet should last us, if we make a point of going to bed early, and we could save the 5d. by pretending that it was for heating. Let's go to Seaton."

George was adamant on the question of rapid decease.

"Then," I announced, "we must go to Lynmouth, where, apparently, special privileges are afforded to tourists. The death-rate there is distinctly stipulated to be .8 per 1,000, excluding visitors. . . . Moreover I see that one may here purchase electric light at 5d. per unit."

"One could of course distribute units as the customary presents for good children from Lynmouth and so keep the Devonshire cream for oneself. But even so. . . ."

"Oh, take the book yourself," said I irritably, "and don't trouble to tell me that the Morthoe Parish Council Clerk is Mr. P. Chugg, for I have observed that fact for myself."

"D stands for Dartmoor," said George. "What about that? . . . The visitor who goes there will return again and again . . . and those who wish for a longer stay will find accommodation."

"Does it say exactly where?" I asked.

"Curiously enough, no."

"All the men I ever knew who, by their own desire or not, made a longer stay were similarly reticent upon the point. . . . But what does it say about the attractions?"

"There is a lamentable absence of Town Clerks and Early Closing Days, and there is, in fact, but one particular given."

"And that?"

"A Cider Manufacturer, who, it seems, practises there as also at Birmingham."

That railway does not go to Birmingham, so we went to Dartmoor.

In the train, George became a little silent and gloomy.

"Cheer up!" said I optimistically. "If we don't like the place, we can always . . . escape."

"I was wondering," he answered, "more about clothes. Aren't they rather particular, and have we got the right ones?"



FRANK HALL with apologies to F. BICKSEE R.A.

## HARMONY.

[The GERMAN EMPEROR has been patronising the Centenary of KRUPP's Gun Factory.]



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*Maiden Lady (to pleasure-seeker who has inadvertently come through window). "I wish you'd knock at the door in the usual way, sir. It's less frightening for my cats."*

### AUNTS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WHERE are the aunts of yesteryear,  
Whose quaint familiar faces  
Redeemed an age of chandelier,  
Of lavender and laces,  
Their daily rôle to knit and chat  
On ottoman or settle,  
Their properties a pampered cat,  
A caddy and a kettle?

Where are the aunts of yesteryear,  
Whose charitable labours,  
Whose coal and flannel made them  
dear  
To impecunious neighbours,  
Who breathed an air of auld lang syne  
And struck delicious poses  
That went with elderberry wine  
And desiccated roses?

Where are the aunts of yesteryear,  
The bane of little nephews  
Who feared the ebon crutch, the queer  
Appendage that the deaf use;  
Small visitors who viewed askance  
Their autocratic habits  
And quailed before the lorgnette glance  
Like paralytic rabbits?

Here where the groundsmen mow and  
delve

Till every lie is grassy,  
You'll find the aunt of 1912  
Most handy with her brassy;  
Scorning the after-luncheon nap,  
The mittened "*far niente*,"  
She strives to bring her handicap  
To something under twenty.

Here where the glittering snowscapes  
shelve

And feathery flakes are swirling,  
You'll meet the aunt of 1912  
Tobogganing and curling;  
Ski-ing and skating with the best  
In manner bright and hearty,  
She adds inimitable zest  
To any Alpine party.

Queen of the tourney, she applauds  
Each feat of thew and tendon,  
Heroic bouts at Queen's or Lord's,  
At Ranelagh or Hendon;

Where airmen plane, where batsmen  
plant

Their feet across the creases,  
Young England greets the modern aunt  
And disregards the nieces.

J. M. S.

### An Ardent Churchgoer.

"The attendance at the churches on Sunday showed a diminution by reason of the week-end departure of strangers from the locality. The visitor was, however, noticeable at all the places of public worship."—*Oban Times*.

This must be a record. We wonder how he got round.

### "Lost."

THRUSH (Hen), partly moulted, last week; 2s. 6d. reward; owner attached to bird."

*Portsmouth Evening News.*

With the assistance of this clue, the police should easily trace the bird.

"At Yarmouth, amid the holiday traffic, a man fell beneath the front wheel of a four-horsed brake laden with passengers. The wheel passed over him, and he owed his life to the fact that he was wearing sandwich boards, on which appeared only the word '*Kismet*.' No bones were broken."—*Manchester Evening News*.

We always wear them, and have found them quite effective even without the magic word "*Kismet*."

"One thing more," said Mary. "What about my poor old nose! You know it is dreadfully red."

"Not dreadfully, Mary, but sufficiently so to be objectionable, so we must take it in hand without delay."—*Home Notes*.

Nip it, in fact, in the bud.

## THE LIMPET.

I THINK it was last Christmas or some time that I related to Pamela how I dived off Brighton pier with a high sea running and rescued a society lady whose identity I could not reveal.

Of course I invented the whole story, but I was courting her at the time, and you must tell the girl something.

As a matter of fact my aquatic performances have hitherto been confined to the artificial lake in the Bath Club—at the shallow end.

I had no idea at the time that her father would go and take a house for the summer months with bathing facilities at the very doorstep. It is just the silly sort of thing he would do.

I put off going to stay there as long as possible, but eventually my repertoire of excuses gave out, and I went down for the week-end.

I bought a book called *The Art of Natation* to read in the train. I had been careful to forget my bathing things, but I thought it would be as well to read up the subject a bit.

Fortunately I had a carriage to myself, and was able to practise the various attitudes depicted in the diagrams.

I threw the book out of the window before the train reached my destination.

Pamela was on the platform.

"I hope you've not forgotten your bathing things?" she said.

I slapped my leg.

"Great Scott! Why didn't you remind me before?"

I . . . really I don't know who's to blame for this. What a pity! I was looking forward to the bathing all the way down."

"Oh, that's all right," said Pamela. "There's a shop in the village where you can buy a lovely costume. We'll go round after tea."

We took tea on the shore. I did not care about the scenery at all. It was a sort of rocky bay where the sea gets deep at once, which is extremely dangerous.

After we had had enough tea, we went round to the village shop where they kept bathing costumes.

They laid one out on the counter. It was a sadly comic creation in red and blue stripes.

I looked at it sadly.

"Oh, no," I said, "that won't do at all. It's horrid."

"I don't think so," said Pamela. "I think it's rather sweet."

"If my tailor saw me in that," I pursued, "he'd never speak to me again."

"Well, he won't see you. You aren't going to wear it down Bond Street, are you?"

It is a well-known fact that it is hopeless to argue with a woman, and, Pamela being undoubtedly a woman, I gave up and bought the thing.

But if it was idle to talk to Pamela there was Pamela's father.

I decided I would have a few words with him when a suitable occasion offered.

Over our cigars, I spoke to him.

where should we be? I must confess that I have very grave doubts myself whether it is quite — shall I say orthodox?"

Pamela's father, I regret to say, treated the matter with deplorable levity. He laughed and guffawed, dug me in the waistcoat and told me I was a wag. It was impossible to make him take a serious view of the subject.

"Half-past seven, darling," said Pamela, leaning over the stairs on her way to bed.

"Yes, yes," I said. "I hope I shall wake up. Sometimes I oversleep myself."

"You won't to-morrow," she said. "I'll come and call you myself."

And she did, bringing with her a kind of opera-cloak made of bath-towel.

I got up, dressed in the comic costume and the opera-cloak, lit a cigarette and went to the window to look at the weather.

Pamela, similarly attired, was doing skirt dances in the front drive.

"Come on, you sleepy old thing."

"My costume doesn't fit," I said.

"Oh, what does it matter? Do hurry up! We'll be late for breakfast."

"Yes, I'm afraid we shall," I said. "I'm very glad you thought of that. We'd better give it up this morning. I don't want to be late for breakfast. So rude."

"There's plenty of time if you come now."

I withdrew my head from the window and went to the bath-room, where I got the thermometer, tied a long piece of string to it, and joined Pamela in the garden.

"What in the world do you want with that?" she exclaimed.

"I want to take the temperature before I go in. This is a scientific instrument designed for the purpose."

"I'll race you to the buoy and back," said Pamela, pointing far out to the horizon. "They've never let me go out far before because of the current, but I shall be safe with you."

"If you stay with me," I replied, "you will be absolutely safe."

We stood on a large rock and I let the thermometer down into the limpid depths. Then I hauled it up and looked at it.

I shook my head.

"Ah, I was afraid so," I said. "What a pity!"



Captain (to umpire, who has received a severe blow). "JOVE! IT'S A NASTY SMACK; BUT CHEER UP, IT'S ALL PART OF THE GAME."

Heroic Umpire. "YES, SIR; AND THE CRICKET WAS GETTING A BIT SLOW, WASN'T IT?"

"You have heard, no doubt," I said, "that your daughter and I propose to bathe together to-morrow morning before breakfast?"

He assented.

"I don't know, Sir, what your views may be," I continued. "There are many people, you know, who disapprove of mixed bathing very strongly indeed, and I want you to say quite frankly if you or her mother are at all unhappy about it. Pamela and I would give it up at once."

"My dear boy," he exclaimed cordially, "we have not the slightest objection. Considering that you two young people are engaged to be married, it would be very unreasonable if we had."

"That is true," I said, "in a sense. But you never know. The engagement might be broken off and then

"Why?"

"The sea's too warm."

"Rot."

Pamela slipped off her bathing-cloak.

"I'll give you two minutes' start," I said.

"All right."

She dived in and swam away.

I sat down on the rock to think it all out. The girl would almost certainly be drowned and I should feel very much to blame.

Then suddenly an idea occurred to me, and I called to her to come back.

She turned her head.

"Yes?"

"Come back."

"Why?"

"Come back."

She turned round and swam back to the rock and caught hold of the edge of it.

"What . . . is it . . . now?" she cried.

I shook my head and, gathering the tails of my cloak about my feet, glared down at her with an expression of fearful solemnity.

"It's Sunday," I said.

Pamela threw up her arms, uttered a faint cry of despair, and sank to the bottom.

#### SPAWING AT HARROGATE:

*An Ode to the Sulphur Water.*

HATEFUL malodorous potich

Brewed on the banks of the Styx,

Drawn from the sulphurous ocean

Hard by the halls that are Nick's;

You that were bred in such places,

Why do you quit them to come

Forth from those regions where he and his legions

Gloat o'er a victim gout-ridden and glum,

Gulping you down with forbidding grimaces

Into his tum?

Foul your aroma and rotten,

Frankly suggestive of eggs

Laid in the past and forgotten,

Left to embitter the dregs!

Merely a whiff of the mixture

Fills me with longing to send

Straight to perdition both fiend and physician

(Leagued to exploit this unspeakable blend),

Therein to languish, a permanent fixture,

Unto the end!

Glass number one that I swallow

Amplly annihilates thirst,

Yet there's another to follow

Hard on the heels of the first!



#### EXCEEDING THE LIMIT.

Mabel. "How old are you, Captain Wetherall?"

Captain. "I'M SEVENTY-FIVE, MY DEAR."

Mabel (cheerfully). "OH! THEN YOU'LL DIE SOON."

How the last lingering ounces  
Waken a horrible doubt  
Whether I'll masterimpending disaster,  
Whether I wouldn't be better without  
Waters my poor little Mary pro-  
nounces

Worse than the gout!

Give me the throbbing sensations,  
Joints that are swollen and pink,  
Rather than further potations  
Of your iniquitous drink!

Here our acquaintance we sever,  
Strangers henceforth to remain;  
So, nothing loath, I will stick to my  
tophi

Though they be many and girdled  
with pain;  
Not for the ransom of kings will I ever  
Face you again!

#### The coming yesteryear.

"To-morrow the oldest member of the House, the Earl of Wemyss, will enter upon his ninety-fifth year, three-quarters of which have been spent as a legislator."—*Westminster Gazette*.

"Two London Roman Catholic priests . . . are making a holiday cruise in a converted lifeboat."—*The Daily Mirror*.

We should much like to know if our Protestant ministers are also doing good work amongst the heathen lifeboats.

"COMFORTABLE HOME, 1 or 2 Men; 4s.; washing, darning; bath 5 minutes from town."

The above, from a Liverpool evening paper, is a sufficient answer to the pessimists who ask, "Is England falling behind other nations in the art of tubbing as in other mauly sports?"



# BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

BACK TO THE LAND.

Buttercup Farm, Wilts.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—What do you think of your own Blanche as a farmer? One's heard so much lately of the decline of farming in England that I felt it was the duty of some of us to step into the breach. So I got Josiah to buy this place and stock it with *creatures*—and here I am, farming! And I find, my dearest, that a little nameless yearning I've had for *ages* was really just the sub-conscious need of *farm-life*! Quite several people have followed my example already. Beryl Clarges has got a farm, in *direct* rivalry with mine, a few miles off; and Babs St. Austin is growing turnips about half-an-hour's drive away. (Turnips, you know, are the *new food*.)

But about me: I've some cows—a darling Jersey called "Blossom" is my special pet—and some pigs, and the sweetest little dairy. In the morning I milk "Blossom," wearing the dearest little milking-dress. I've not been able to get any milk *yet*, because "Blossom" *won't* stand still, though all the men and boys on the farm hold her tight whenever I come near her. Then I go to my dairy, wearing a simply delicious dairy dress of butter-coloured embroidered linen with teeny-weeny churns for buttons, and my dairymaid shows me how to make butter. I don't know whether you've seen *People Who Matter* for this week? There's a double-page headed, "Society Leaders on their Farms," with a photo of me milking Blossom, another photo of me making butter, a most *unfortunate* one of Babs hoeing turnips, and a *fearfully* flattered one of Beryl Clarges standing near a plough and team and trying to look as if she knew all about rotation of crops and all that kind of thing!

After the dairying I change again to a dear little *paysanne* walking frock and take a look round and grumble about the weather as if I'd been a farmer for years! Later in the day I write a little. I'm contributing a series of articles on "Practical Farming" to *The Peeress*. So you see what a busy little woman I am! You *must* come and stay here. It would just suit your practical well-informed mind. I remember, ages ago, you used to know how many things made a ton, and which way the wind was blowing, and all those out-of-the-way things girls don't generally know.

I'm immensely sorry about poor old Popsy, Lady Ramsgate. But I'm not to blame. She *would* come. She wrote and said she'd the *farm* feeling, and might she come and learn all about

my farm before getting one of her own? And so she came. And the very next morning, when I was milking Blossom, Popsy appeared on the scene to help me, got up *en paysanne, point-device*, with a milkmaid's complexion (not at all badly done!), and a milking-stool and pail complete. Directly Blossom caught sight of her she wrenched herself away from the men and boys who were holding her and went for Popsy! The poor old dear flung away her milking-stool and pail and ran *faster*, my dear, than anyone could *imagine* at her age and with such heels! Later we had to have Sir William Kiddem down. He said, Yes, Lady Ramsgate had certainly done too much running, and he should positively forbid her ever to run so fast again; her knees had undoubtedly been greatly overworked, and he should advise electric massage, and, when her constitution had partially recovered its equilibrium, a course of treatment at *Krankenbad*. So there's an end of *her* farming.

Joyce Vavasour, Norty's cousin, was married the other day at Little Higglebury, not far from here. It was the very last word in the *country* weddings that are so much done now. We're all just a little bit rather astonished at Joyce taking Billy Mainwaring after all. But the true inwardness of the affair is that she had *ideas* for a country wedding and she simply *had* to carry them out. (*Entre nous, m'amie*, that's the explanation of many marriages that aren't otherwise to be accounted for:—the girl has *ideas* for a wedding, and the man is merely part of the *mise-en-scène*!) Joyce went to what old-fashioned people call the altar in a flowered chintz and a big rustic hat with wide strings. Instead of a bouquet she carried a basket of butter and eggs, and so did each of the ten bridesmaids.

Joyce, of course, had to put her basket down while the knot was being tied, and it was kicked over, and the eggs all got broken. Norty says he came out of church with his boots *covered* with yolk of egg, and that if he'd known what sort of things happen at *country weddings* he'd have come in bright yellow boots! Billy and his best man wore smock-frocks and carried pitchforks, and they made it complete by using *dialect*—including the parson, Billy's cousin, who said, "Wull ee hev this wumman?"—and so on, and Billy said, "Ees, oi wull." (Norty says it wasn't proper Wiltshire dialect, and that, by shoving "Ees" into the service, Billy's made the marriage illegal.)

All we guests played up to them. Beryl Clarges brought a milk-pail and left it in the porch, but I bested her

there, my dear, I'm thankful to say, for I arrived at the church with a *yoke* and *two pails*! Instead of a dance afterwards, we had a hay party. It would have been a *scream* if the weather hadn't been so absolutely brutal. In one of our games half of us buried ourselves in the hay (it was a bit damp and sodden, but we put on mackintoshes), with only our feet sticking out, and the others had to guess whose feet they were. I think it's a lovely game. Beryl called it stupid (she takes 5's!).

Talking of weddings, Jack Willoughby was married last week. She's fancied as the next woman amateur-golf-champion, you know, and—*isn't* it delicious, dearest?—she's actually married the amateur-spillikins-champion, Teddy Treherne! We're all wondering what they'll chat to each other about during the brief intervals when Jack is at home! People are telling quite a good little story about one of Jack's presents. She only lives for golf, as you may imagine (she came straight off the links to be married, left her clubs at the church door, and went back directly afterwards to finish a match), and is *utterly* an outdoor girl. Her great-aunt Eastshire, however, whose ideas are a good deal overgrown with ivy, gave her a gold thimble for a wedding gift. "Oh, what a *quaint* little thing, Aunt Eastshire!" said Jack, with a shout of laughter, as she took it out of its case. "*Whatever is it for?*"

I'm already planning my harvest-home. I mean it to be the biggest thing of the kind ever done in these parts. Come and be a farmer, my Daphne, and be happy!

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

P.S.—A message from Babs: all her turnips were stolen last night!

Second P.S.—I've told Josiah this place must be sold at once and all the creatures on it. Blossom has tried to toss me; the pigs have strayed away and are all lost; the hay has the moth in it, or whatever it is that happens to hay, and the corn is so damp that it's no good for bread, and, I suppose, will have to be made into puddings; worst of all, *that* Beryl Clarges has enticed away my dairymaid, and I'm left with twenty pounds of stuff on my hands that has left off being milk and will never be butter! Don't ever *ever* turn your attention to farming, Daphne! Of all occupations it is the most loathly!

## A Miracle Manqué.

"The fire brigade rendered valuable aid in preventing the flood doing more damage than possible."—*Glasgow Herald*.



## ON DELIA—GOING TO BATHE.

["Madam can now go down for her bathe dressed as follows, her outfit costing £12 14s. 6d., without ordering any especially expensive toilette."—*Daily Paper*.

"As follows" includes the articles mentioned below.]

When the sun is warm and high,  
When no zephyr blows  
Rudely from a tumbled sky,  
And my lady Delia goes  
Down to brave the limpid sea,  
Passing fair, I ween, is she.

You shall find her slender shape  
Pleasingly displayed  
In a garb of costly crêpe—  
Finest cloth and latest shade—  
With, perchance, the happy grace  
Of some ancient Irish lace.

Over this a chiffon wrap  
Flows in various curves;  
While upon her head a cap  
(Nothing less than satin) serves  
To protect her from the day  
And the too-insistent spray.

Thus, in part, is Delia clad,  
Yet not thus alone;  
Corsets for her figure add  
Something that remains their own;  
What it is one may not tell,  
But they seem to do it well.

Yes, but these were not enow.  
Pardon if I beg  
That, for once, you would allow  
Mention of a maiden's leg.  
("Legs" were better—she has two—  
But, in verses, one will do)

What, then, is my Delia's whim  
With regard to these?  
Silken stockings, neat and trim,  
Rich and radiant—never limb  
Looked so vivid and so slim—  
Muse, be steady, if you please;  
Coldly let us add, my Muse,  
Reference to her satin shoes.

Thus equipped in every sort,  
When the weather's fine,  
Forth my Delia goes to sport  
By the gay and sparkling brine.

\* \* \* \* \*  
At the least approach of rain  
In my Delia goes again.

DUM-DUM.

## NATURE NOTES, AUGUST, 1912.

This is the season of the year when, as was sung by a poet who remains anonymous, perhaps wisely—

"The flaming embers of July  
Sink to the August glow."

The early hours of morning are exquisite just now. To-day, at seven o'clock, the air was so still that the placid surface of my tennis-lawn was unbroken by so much as a single ripple.



*Fisherman*. "HERE COMES ANOTHER DEAD FISH, PAT; THE RIVER'S FULL OF THEM. WHAT'S THE MEANING OF IT?"

*Pat*. "SURE, I CANNOT TELL AT ALL AT ALL, SORR, ONLESS IT'S THIS TERRIBLE FET AND MOUTH DISEASE."

Diving for strawberries being now out of season, a new country pastime has taken its place. Several of my neighbours have instituted mixed bathing in their rose-gardens, a roped-in pergola forming an ideal course for timid or inexperienced swimmers.

River-side bungalows are said to be in great demand this season. I have a friend who has searched for his in vain for the last month, in spite of careful soundings in all the most likely spots. So keen is the local feeling that a punt-pierrot, endeavouring to work off a usually harmless wheeze about "Would you rather have the river at the bottom of your garden, or your garden at the bottom of the river," was only rescued with the greatest difficulty from an infuriated mob.

Capital sport is reported by fishermen

in different parts of the country. From Little Deepborough-in-Hollow, a correspondent writes that, casting from the bank (London and County) with an ordinary rod and gut, he secured a fine bag of sovereigns scaling fifteen pounds. He adds that this special water is now strictly preserved.

The action of another sportsman in replacing his wife's mother, netted from a bedroom window by inadvertence when he was after groceries, is one that, while it may give rise to controversy, certainly upholds a fine tradition.

"SALE, or exchange for poultry, 14 volumes Encyclopædia, by Mackenzie, good laying strain, cost £8 4s.; to value £4; Minorca or white Leghorn preferred."—*Feathered World*.

We are prepared to back our own Buff Britannicas to give the Mackenzie lot two eggs a week and a beating.



## THE HOLIDAY.

*He.* "WHAT ARE YOU A-GRUMBLIN' ABOUT FOR? 'Ain't you GOT EVERYTHINK TO MAKE YER 'APPY?"

## PAGAN FANCIES.

Blow, Father Triton, blow your wreathéd horn  
Cheerly, as is your wont, and let the blast  
Circle our island on the breezes born;

Blow, while the shining hours go swiftly past.  
Rise, Proteus, from the cool depths rise, and be  
A friend to them that breast your ancient sea.

I shall be there to greet you, for I tire  
Of the dull meadows and the crawling stream.  
Now with a heart uplifted and a-fire

I come to greet you and to catch the gleam  
Of jocund Nereids tossing in the air  
The sportive tresses of their amber hair.

High on a swelling upland I shall stand  
Stung by the buffets of the wind-borne spray;  
Or join the troops that sport upon the sand,  
With shouts and laughter wearing out the  
day;

Or pace apart and listen to the roar  
Of the great waves that beat the crumbling shore.

Then, when the children all are lapped in sleep  
The pretty Nymphlets of the sea shall rise,  
And we shall know them as they flit and creep  
And peep and glance and murmur lullabies;  
While the pale moon comes up beyond the hill,  
And Proteus rests and Triton's horn is still.

R. C. L.

## A CALL TO ARMS.

(After Q. H. F., *Lib. I., Car. XXXII.*)

*Poscimus.* If in vacant wise as yet

We've noisily indulged in warlike prattle,  
The time has really come, and we must get,  
Thomas, to battle;

Having been first tuned up to such a pitch  
By BONAR, who, although by nature quiet,  
Yet yearns to occupy a final ditch  
And lead a riot.

Oh, after fierce polemics in the House,  
That turned the Government to deadly pallor,  
Come, let us go up North and slaughter grouse,  
Venting our valour!

"In some instances the thieves have taken a fancy to shrubs in a garden, but the offence most prevalent is the theft of wood and coal. On Sunday morning a resident got up rather early and was terribly surprised to find several sacks laying near his coal-box, some half-full, others empty. He now is a firm believer in the old adage, 'The early bird, etc.'"  
—*Manchester Morning Times.*

The sack-bird that lays near a coal-box is new to us.

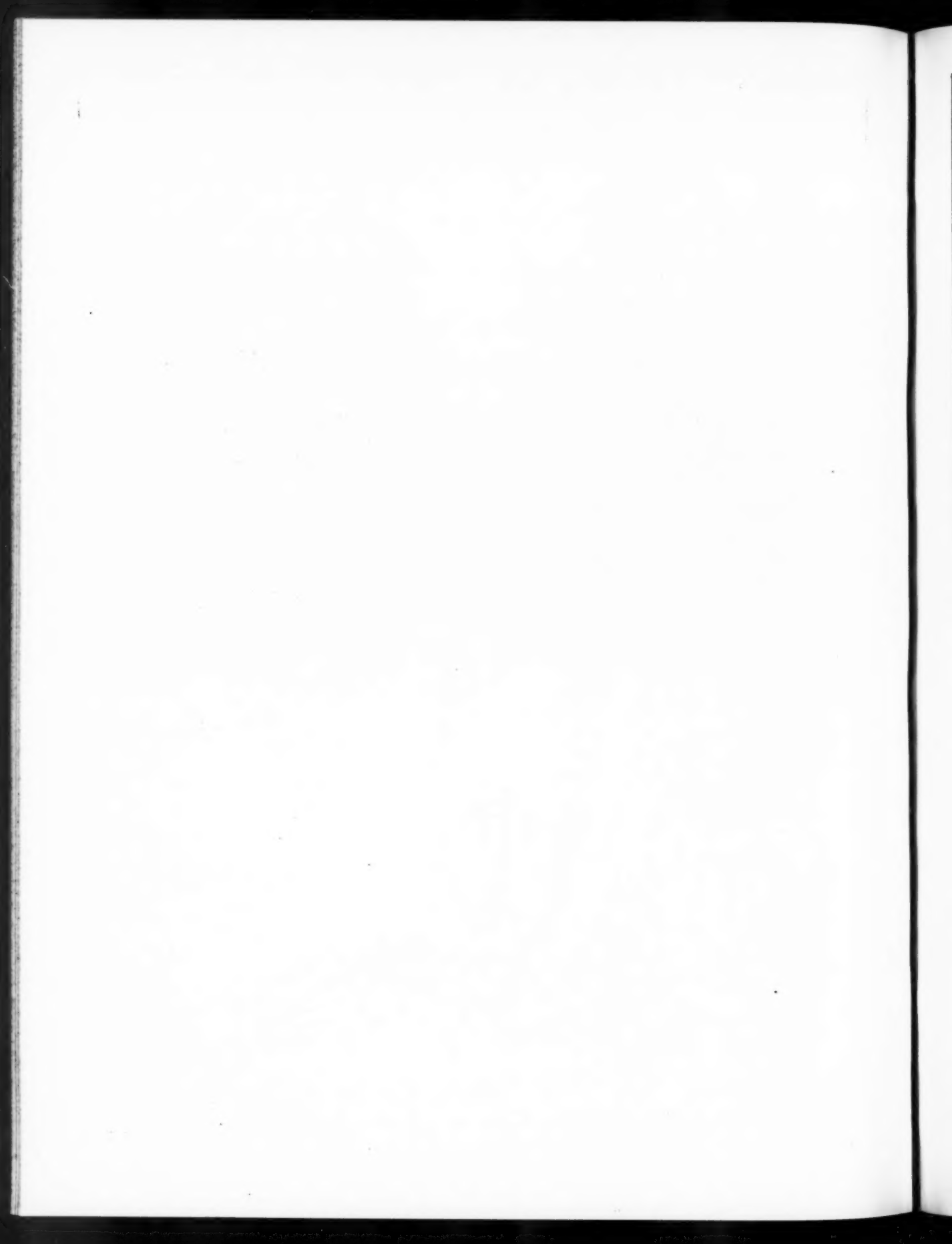
"Lord Normanby, who has just been presented with an heir, who will be sixty-six next month, is a man of remarkable personality."  
—*Manchester Courier.*

If Lord NORMANBY is like us he should be very pleased. When we are asked what we should like for a presentation we always choose an antique.



“WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?”

MR. BONAR LAW. “HOW MUCH LONGER IS HE GOING TO BE, I WONDER. HE CAN'T REALLY BE ENJOYING HIMSELF.”





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



*The Master of Elibank.* "I don't want to make your flesh creep, Mum, but I'm leaving to better myself."

*House of Commons, Monday, August 5.*—Bank holiday. Striking example of unselfish fidelity to public interest. Whilst all the world is making holiday at Hampstead, Greenwich and other sylvan resorts, Members repair to Westminster, not only set about the nation's work as if it were not holiday-time, but peg away far into the night. Successive divisions mark a muster exceeding 350; quite an average record.

Dr. FELL much to the fore, braving undefined but boldly asserted tendency to incur inexplicable personal dislike. His night's rest disturbed by apprehension of another Government being in power next year and, anxious to maintain Sugar Convention in its integrity, finding that their country is irrevocably cut adrift. PREMIER full of sympathy; points out that withdrawal from the Convention does not take effect until September in next year. Accordingly in event of contingency foreseen by Dr. FELL, should another and a better Government be in power, the agreement may remain undisturbed.

On motion to read Appropriation Bill a third time, Dr. FELL went off on

another tack. Raised question of payment of Members. Lamented the fact that Government, not satisfied with bringing credit of country to lowest point reached in eighty years, has personally discredited Members in eyes of the country.

"The newspapers," he said, brushing away a tear, "no longer speak of us as they did two years ago."

Everyone dying to know what becomes of Dr. FELL's salary. Too polite to ask question. Indeed, there was odd disinclination on both sides of House to discuss topic. When Dr. FELL sat down, still pocketing his secret, debate, after fashion permissible during stages of Appropriation Bill, went adrift in all directions.

At half-past nine showed signs of drooping. On eve of division BYLES OF BRADFORD uplifted his voice in final protest against expenditure on bloated armaments.

"Why," he asked, surveying the Treasury Bench, on which sat a few guilty Ministers, "should a Government drive their supporters—their best



TRYING TO FIT THE CAP.  
(MR. MACCALLUM SCOTT.)

supporters," he added, turning round to include WEDGWOOD in his paternal glance, "their strongest supporters," here his eye fell on DON'T KEIR HARDIE, "into the lobby against them on a question of armaments?"

Reply was a division in which Government majority ran down to twenty-nine.

"The sooner we wind up business and get off to the moors the better," said the MASTER of ELIBANK, mopping his anguished brow.

ELIBANK, by the way, to inconsolable regret of all sections of parties, is, like the Home Rule Bill, "going to the House of Lords" in the Autumn Session.

*Business done.*—Appropriation Bill read a third time. House sat well into morning in Committee on Finance Bill.

*Tuesday.*—"The best way to avoid this sort of thing is not to ask Supplemental Questions."

'Twas the Voice of the SPEAKER. Quite time he complained. Hearty cheer from both sides welcomed interposition. *Mieux vaut tard que jamais.* Supplemental Questions have, without exception that occurs to the mind, been directly responsible for every scene which through Session has interrupted public business and inflamed Party passion. The practice is opposed alike to the letter and the spirit of Standing Order. It is grossly unfair to Members who have obeyed reasonable injunction to give notice of a question and await their turn to submit it. In scores of cases daily occurring their reward has been that before their opportunity comes the limit of time allotted to Questions has been reached, the interval having been largely appropriated for Supplemental Questions and consequent conversational outbreak.

Happily that is now a thing of the past. The SPEAKER, marvellously long-suffering, has at last put his foot down. The day of the Supplemental Questioner is over.

"This sort of thing" alluded to by the SPEAKER was a threatened duel between HENRY CRAIK and RAMSAY MACDONALD over placid body of JOHN REES, Kt. Avoided by SPEAKER's unaccustomed suppression of Supplemental Questions.

Ten minutes later MACCALLUM SCOTT, unrebuked from the Chair, was on his feet firing as if from a mitrailleuse Supplemental Questions aimed at hapless SECRETARY FOR INDIA! At length the SPEAKER interposed. Called upon him to put next Question on paper, which also stood in his name. Not a bit of it. SPEAKER had dropped remark about MACCALLUM's

readiness to fit on particular cap not meant for his head. What did the right hon. gentleman mean?

After some wrangling, MACCALLUM, under threat of suspension, resumed his seat. Questions over, he was up again sternly inquisitive. The cap was, so to speak, rankling in his bosom. SPEAKER rose to order. MACCALLUM, insistent upon knowing all about the cap, declined to sit down. Angry cries of "Order!" added to condition of disorder. SPEAKER directed recalcitrant Member to withdraw. Not a step till full explanation of the cap was forthcoming.

In vain Members entreated him to obey injunction from Chair. He sat down; till SPEAKER made clean breast about the cap he would not budge. At length SPEAKER "named" him, PREMIER moved his suspension, and, lest a worse thing befell, he went forth shaking his head and murmuring something about a cap that did not fit.

*Business done.*—Trades Unions Bill passed Second Reading by 232 votes against 132. Round majority of a hundred boisterously cheered from Ministerial Benches where it has of late been unfamiliar.

*Wednesday.*—Budget Bill passed final stage. Both Houses adjourn till Monday, October 7.

#### Vexatious Disobedience.

"On account of animals failing to comply with the regulations as to calving and foaling a few changes have taken place in the official prize-list of the Highland Show at Inverness in 1911."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"Widow (38), with little girl at school, wishes quiet situation as housekeeper to busin-ss gentleman or tradesman, Christian or Church of England home preferred."

*Edinburgh Evening News.*

Isn't this distinction just the least little bit invidious, even in Scotland?

"On the whole, despite its artificiality, the best Newdigate poem is probably Oscar Wilde's Ravenna, while incomparably the finest line the competition has ever produced is Dean Burgon's description of Petra as—

'A ro3

Anyone should be able to die happily if he had written a line like that."—*Madras Times.*

Far better live and finish the line.

"No. 55 train collided against the buffet of the Danahour station in which one passenger was slightly wounded."—*Egyptian Mail.*  
The sandwiches, however, escaped unhurt.

"WANTED, girl as GENERAL, for Sheenrns; double bar, B.S.A. fittings throughout."—*Chatham Standard and Rochester Journal.*

A girl with an internal anatomy as strong as that ought to get all her Insurance Stamps for nothing.

#### ALL THE WINNERS.

LEANING out of the carriage window at Reading I called for a *Sportsman* and a *Sporting Life*.

The little man opposite waited until I had read them—I was looking at the cricket and nothing else—and then remarked that I seemed to be interested in racing.

"And why not?" he added, before I could deny it. "It's a noble sport. The sport of kings. His Majesty, I am pleased to say, not only owns horses but has many opportunities of seeing them win."

"And lose," I suggested.

"Yes, and lose, of course," he agreed. "No horse can always win. But," he said, "I am the inventor or discoverer of a system of following horses which should enormously increase a betting man's profits. All gamblers talk about systems; and new systems at Monte Carlo are continually being tested. They never succeed. Why? Because the element of chance is so powerful against them. My system, being based on equine nature—as steady a factor as human nature—is more sound. Not infallible, I admit, but reasonable. Perhaps you as a racing man would like to hear about it."

I said I would, although I had a book and would far rather have been reading. But life is like that . . .

"Do you ride?" he asked.

I replied that I did as often as I could.

"And you have noticed," he said, "that your horse goes better on his return journey than on his outward journey?"

I said I had.

"Immediately you turn you notice it?" he asked.

"Immediately," I replied.

"And why," he asked—"why does he go better on the return journey?"

"I have always supposed," I said, "that it is because his head is then pointed towards his stable."

He leaned forward and tapped my knees. "Exactly," he said. "There you have the essence of my discovery. A horse goes better—runs faster—when his head is pointed towards his stable. Why? Because he has the homing instinct; he intuitively knows the direction. Very well, then, what should a racing man deduce from that? This: that the horses to follow are the horses whose heads are pointed in the direction of their stable."

He stopped and looked at me with an expression in which cunning and triumph were equally blended.

"You see?" he added.

I said that it sounded plausible,

## FANCY AND FACT.

*(Tomkins takes a grouse shooting. In the agreement the limit is fixed at 500 braces.)*



LUNCH-TIME ON THE 12TH AS FANCY PAINTED IT.



AS IT ACTUALLY TURNED OUT.



given a certain quality for speed in the horse—but how was one to do it?

"This," he said, "is where my system comes in. It requires accurate knowledge of the position of every horse's stable—that is to say, training stable, or home, not temporary stable—and the lie of the last straight stretch of every race-course. In order to get this one must study the one-foot ordnance map of England; but it is worth the trouble. Take Goodwood, for example. I have not got a map with me, but let us say that the last stretch up to the winning-post runs to the North-East; get that into your head and then look at the runners. There are, say, seven, of which two are trained at Wantage, two at Newmarket, one at Lambourne, one at Alfriston, and one at Epsom. Your map and your compass combined tell you that Epsom is almost in a straight line (it may not be, but we are merely using illustrations) with the Goodwood finish, and consequently, knowing of this wonderful homing instinct on the horse's part and its knowledge of directions, you put your money on the Epsom-trained animal and most probably win a packet. And so on all over the country. Do you see?"

"Then you are very rich?" I enquired.

"No, not yet," he said. "But I hope to be. As a matter of fact, I have only quite recently hit upon this theory, and I have not yet mastered the geography of training stables and the orientation of courses; but I am quite confident that I shall do so and that the scheme will repay me."

"And what will you back when the course points to nothing?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "I am not a gambler. I am a scientific man."

"And suppose the course were to wind so that the first half favoured the favourite's homing instinct, and the second half only an outsider's, what then?"

"Then I should probably back the favourite, thinking that his homing instinct during the first half would give him an unbeatable advantage."

"I see. And where, say, all the horses were running practically straight home, as must often happen at Newmarket, what then?"

"Then I should either support the favourite or abstain."

"Well," I said, "I wish you well. But I still believe that to write the names of horses on slips of paper, put them in a hat, and ask a pretty woman to draw one, is the best way."

"Why a pretty woman?" he asked.

"Because I have noticed that their advice is always the best," I replied, and left him pondering it.

## THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

### INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS.

A POWERFULLY supported movement is on foot to secure Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Duke of PORTLAND, and convert it into a training establishment for the British team who will take part in the Olympic Games at Berlin at 1916. According to the scheme the athletes will be strictly secluded from all external influences and conduct their preparation for the next contest under the supervision of a Director and a specially selected staff of trainers and professors, to be chosen by a *plébiscite* of the readers of *The Daily Wail* and *The Daily Terror*. The present state of the poll points clearly to the election of Mr. W. BEACH THOMAS as Director. Other appointments likely to be made are as follows:—

Lecturer on Longwindedness: Sir HENRY HOWORTH.

Scientific Chewing: Professor Hiram Chump.

Will Culture: Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart.

Rational Tubbing: Dr. QUINE, of Manchester.

Synthetic Rubbing: Professor Attila Tonks.

Confidence Specialist: Mr. P. A. VAILE.

Patriotic Optimism Promoter: Sir A. CONAN DOYLE.

Flag-waving: Professor Offley Bangs.

The Science of Splurge: Professor Hector P. Slosker.

Spell-binding: Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

Creation-licking: Professor VICTOR ALWYN.

During their residence at the institution it is proposed that the British representatives should be trained during alternate weeks on a vegetarian and meat diet. Mr. EUSTACE MILES will supervise the former, and Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE, the great champion of chops, the latter. Similarly, it is proposed to alternate teetotalism with an indulgence in alcohol as follows:

1st week, gin; 2nd week, gin and gingerbeer; 3rd week, gingerbeer; 4th week, brandy; 5th week, brandy and soda; 6th week, soda, and so on.

In regard to finance, it is proposed that the Director should have a salary of £5,000 a year, and each professor £1,500. Fortunately, the promoters of the scheme have secured the co-operation of a powerful group of land-taxers, including Mr. HEMMERDE, K.C., M.P., Mr. URE, M.P., and other stalwarts, who have undertaken to introduce a Short Bill providing for the expropriation of the Duke of PORTLAND at a

price not exceeding £100, and the raising of a sum of £250,000 by the imposition of an extra super-tax on the incomes of such peers as may be selected by a commission consisting of Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY, Mr. HAROLD BEGGIE, Baron de FOREST, and the Rev. C. SYLVESTER HORNE.

The prospect of the speedy passage of the Bill has been greatly improved by a manifesto issued by the Bishop of Patagonia, who threatens to resign his see unless the £250,000 is forthcoming by November 1st. An even more powerful inducement is that held out by Messrs. A. KIPLING COMMON, LAND- FEAR LUCAS and LOWTHER BRIDGER, who have intimated to the editors of the leading journals that they will cease contributing to their correspondence columns if the Bill is not passed in the first fortnight of the Autumn Session. In this context we may mention a well-authenticated rumour that Mr. J. L. GARVIN has declared his unalterable resolve to retire from the journalistic arena if Great Britain fails to assert her supremacy at the Olympic Games of 1916. There is also a sinister report, to which, however, too much importance need not be attached, that Mr. HALL CAINE will never quit the Isle of Man again if a three-legged race is not included in the programme at Berlin.

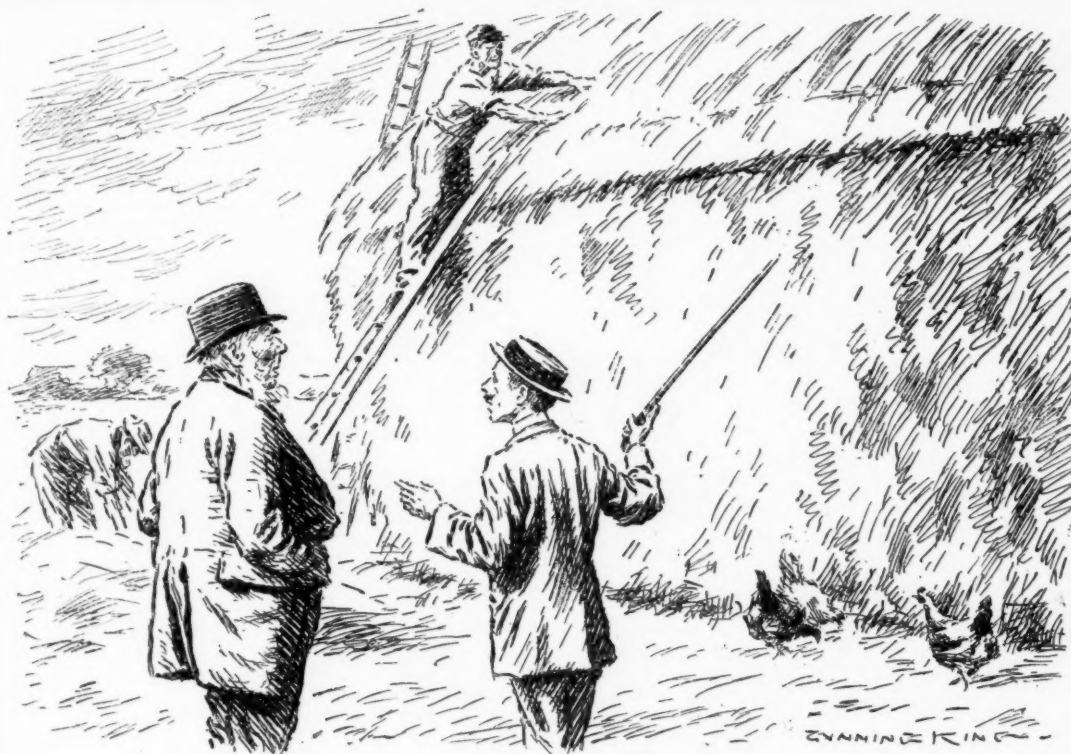
A certain amount of apprehension prevails as to whether peers or peers' sons will be allowed to compete. The view of Mr. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, M.P., probably forecasts accurately enough the decision that will be arrived at by the special sub-committee appointed to consider this problem, and consisting of the Countess of WARWICK, Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P., the Editor of *The Nation*, and the Bishop of OXFORD. Mr. WEDGWOOD writes:—"In my opinion the answer should be in the affirmative only in the case of new Liberal creations, as it is essential to maintain democratic principles in the selection of our representatives."

"On a ringworm by a blue checker racing pigeon which has fallen in the garden of Mr. Sutter, of Sussex-square, Haywards Heath, is the inscription:—'N.U.H.P. 12 K.K. 719.'"  
*Exeter Express and Echo.*

N.U.H.P. must hurry up and claim his worm before the pigeon gets at it.

Under the heading, "'Twelfth' Prospects" *The Daily Mail* says: "On the Berwickshire moors pheasants have not nested well." This often happens in districts where pheasants are shot as early as the 12th of August, and is attributed to the unrest created by the prospect of premature decease.





### THE GREAT UNQUENCHABLE.

Cockney. "FINE HAY-STACK YOU'VE GOT THERE. COST MUCH TO BUILD?"

Farmer. "FIFTY GALLONS OF THE BEST, SIR."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I CAME to the reading of *Between Two Thieves* (HEINEMANN) without the advantage of having read the author's previous work, *The Dop Doctor*, but with all the weight of a general verdict of approval of that highly praised book to prejudice me in its favour. The story deals mainly with the England and France of Crimean days. The "two thieves" are NAPOLEON LE PETIT, and a sort of super-contractor, standing for all the drab rogues who did so infamously by their country in that sorry time. The hero is one *Hector Dunoisse*, a chivalrous young French officer of infantry, who, early in his career, meets and falls in love with a rather too severe but beautiful lady, who is none other than the "Lady of the Lamp." Before these two meet again in the hospital service in Scutari there has intervened for the young officer a time of moral storm and stress, during which his proud flag has been lowered. Atonement is the key of his after-life, and the treatment of it is marked by a deep religious feeling. *Dunoisse's* love is returned, but is rewarded by no more than a yearly letter and a final message after his lady's death, explaining her renunciation and bringing peace to a dying man.

A dozen other stories of adventure, also of knavery and intrigue, are interwoven. A bitter contempt for the THIRD NAPOLEON distorts the writer's vision. A fierce and reasonable hatred of the scoundrelism of the contractors finds vent in the caustic trouncing of some very squalid departed ghosts. Throughout, a vivid imagination, together with a remarkable power of visualising things imagined, is not

balanced by the faculty of self-criticism necessary to redeem a book on so heroic a scale from a thousand absurdities and disproportions. Frankly it is not so redeemed, but, with all its obvious faults, an astonishing vigour and conviction behind it arrest attention. There is also evidence of a very careful study of contemporary documents, illuminating the narrative at all points. Altogether a strange, intriguing book.

#### *The House of Fortune* (EVELEIGH NASH)

Exhibits large upon its cover  
A Spanish maid with eyes that flash  
Soul-yearnings for an absent lover;  
And you may thence predict the drift  
Of Mr. PEMBERTON'S narration,  
And that with no uncommon gift  
For subtle ratiocination.

Nor, guessing thus, need you suppose  
His hand has lost its wonted cunning:  
The tale goes racing to its close,  
The ancient thrills are there, still running;  
But on the plot, that never slacks,  
The silken dalliance, so to phrase it,  
Is thicker laid than Mr. MAX  
(No mooncalf) usually lays it.

An author who writes a sequel to a sequel takes risks. He is in the position of the singer of one of those musical-comedy songs which need never end at all unless the singer dies suddenly. He gives an encore. The audience

applauds. Will they stand another verse? That is the question. Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS made a success with *The Human Boy*. Encouraged, he came back and gave us *The Human Boy Again*. Apparently stage-manager JOHN MURRAY, listening attentively in the wings, found the applause hearty enough to justify another verse, and the result is *From the Angle of Seventeen*. I hope the audience will applaud once more, but I doubt if their enthusiasm will be overwhelming. Repetition has a little dulled the catchiness of the tune; the humour has become a little mechanical. The present volume deals with the *Human Boy's* first year in the City, and is, I am bound to say, quite entertaining when once one has resigned oneself to the fact that there is no plot and that nothing of any importance whatsoever is going to happen. It is a sort of "Diary of a Young Nobody." Master Corkey lays bare his hopes and fears in much the same fashion as did the hero of that other diary. His literary style is rather reminiscent of Mr. Baboo Jabberjee, B.A., but that I trace to the

influence of *Doctor Dunsstone*. If you spend ten years in the care of the sort of man who tells you that "your general average of intellectual attainment must be all that the world of business—the great industrial centres of finance—have a right to demand from their neophytes," you naturally fall into the habit of referring to race-horses as "these famous quadrupeds" and to a casual acquaintance as "this great man, inspired by nothing but pure good-will."

The difficulty of *The Long Engagement* (MILLS AND BOON) is one, I fancy, which crops up at least as often in life as those other sex problems of which we read so much. Miss E. S. STEVENS has propounded it with great discernment and no little humour. She has solved it, however, in the particular case of *Melody Waller* on lines inconsistent with the ordinary run of human luck. The god emerges from the machine with a precision and convenient punctuality not to be relied upon by all young ladies who, tiring of one set of nuptials unduly postponed, get so far involved in another. Never really off with the old love, *Melody* lets her second man get as far as the altar steps before. . . . But there! it would be a pity to spoil the reader's excitement in a good tale just to quibble about such minor matters as human probabilities. There is another engagement in the book and a semi-improper affair between a (real) lady typewriter and her employer, this latter following a somewhat hackneyed course to conclude on a note abruptly surprising and delightfully fresh. Those who enjoy the book will enjoy it very much; moreover, they will be many, though they be fair readers for the most part.

As modern novels go, *The Child of His Adoption* (HERBERT AND DANIEL) is so formidable a volume, four hundred

and thirty-five closely printed pages, no less, that simply the magnitude of Mr. GEORGE EVANS' attempt would incline me to look gently upon the shortcomings of his achievement. But even so I cannot call it wholly satisfactory. The fact would seem to be that Mr. EVANS has attempted to cram more plot into his tale than it can hold without confusion and weariness for the reader. There is here the material for at least two novels, one dealing with *Glory Bellairs* the elder, and the other with her daughter. Naturally therefore I can give you no proper idea of their history in a paragraph; I can only suggest to you the kind of book that it makes. One perhaps not for all markets; for GEORGE EVANS writes not always with the surest taste; and his way of dwelling rather too insistently upon the unpleasant leads me to suspect his sex. There is, as I have indicated, a heroine named *Glory*, who is a dancer and exquisitely lovely, and dies at the end of Part I., leaving a daughter of the same name to carry on the business. Then there is a hero, *Dickie*, with fair curls and passionate blue eyes and a general capacity

for taking to himself all the undeserved blame and misunderstandings that are the perquisites of his position. In addition to these there is a deep dark villain, who rejoices in the sinister name of *McKenna* ("No party-feeling, I beg!") and behaves throughout in a manner fully up to the worst traditions. Having told you this much, I leave it to your individual liking to decide whether the four hundred and odd pages seem worth while, or not. For myself, I say nothing.

#### Arms and the Woman.

The authorities of the Louvre should at once be informed that somebody claims to have discovered the missing arms of the Venus di Milo. In an announcement of Miss ANNETTE KELLERMANN's performance at the Palace Theatre a table of comparison is drawn up between her own measurements and those of the goddess. The latter's forearm is given as 9.5 (presumably its circumference in inches), and her wrist as 5.9. We are at one with the tabulator in his modest assertion that these measurements "almost surpass belief."

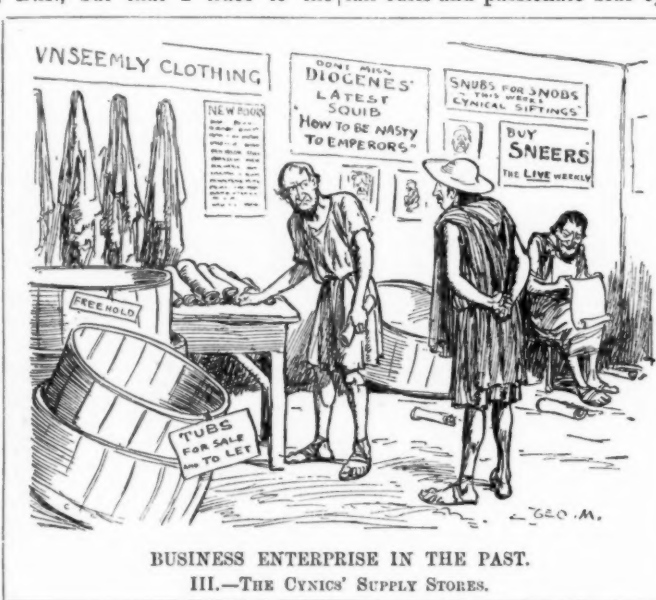
"Hazlitt, after sending down two maiden overs, yielded a single to either batsman, and was beautifully caught for a couple by Hobbs, who in the next over smashed that bowler to the sight-screen."

*Liverpool Echo.*

We think that HOBBS should have been satisfied with catching the bowler (a most unusual feat) and not have followed this up with a gratuitous act of personal violence.

"Bank Clerk, weary of the snobbishness and petty spite associated with his present position, seeks fresh Situation, any capacity, where merit is recognised and where grovelling obeisance is not expected; strictly confidential."

*Manchester Guardian.*  
We never notice any grovelling obeisance when we go to cash our cheques.



BUSINESS ENTERPRISE IN THE PAST.

III.—THE CYNICS' SUPPLY STORES.